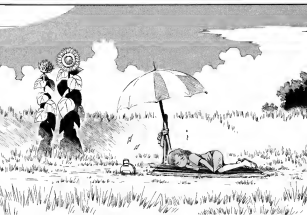
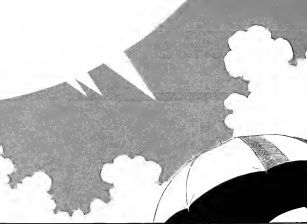


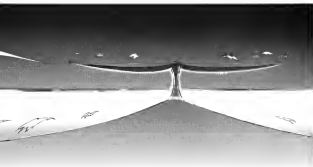
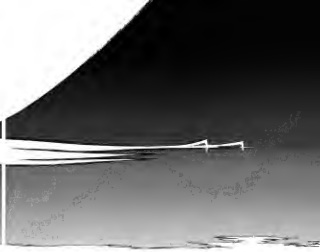
第134話
ラジオ



Radio









I WONDER HOW MANY
TIMES THIS MAKES THE
NORTHERN ROUTE.



THE
SURFACE OF
THE EARTH
CONTINUES
TO GROW
QUIETER.



ONCE THE
LIGHTS OF
PEOPLE
HAVE
VANISHED,
AFTER A
WHILE,

BLUE LIGHTS
CAN APPEAR,
AS IF THEY
WERE
TRACING OUT
CITIES AND
ROADS.



AND THE LIGHTS OF
MORE CITIES HAVE
DISAPPEARED.



THE SURFACE
OF THE EARTH
AT NIGHT...
IT ALREADY
SHINES DEEP
BLUE.

I WONDER WHAT
THE PEOPLE
BELOW ARE
DEALING WITH.

AREAS
LARGER THAN
GREAT
COUNTRIES
HAVE QUICKLY
BECOME
SILENT.

EVEN THE
COUNTRY
WHERE
I WAS
RAISED...

HOWEVER,

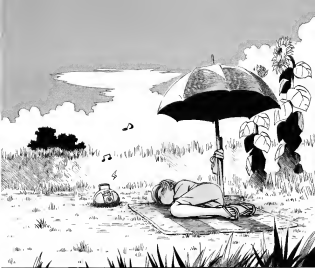
FROM AREAS THAT
HAVE GROWN SMALL,

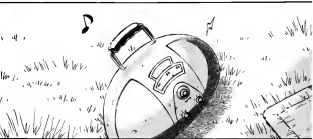
THE PRESENCE OF
PEOPLE IS TRANSMITTED
MORE CLEARLY THAN
YOU MIGHT THINK.

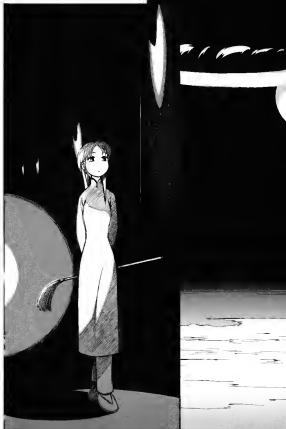
EVEN FROM THAT
ISLAND WHERE
I WAS BORN,

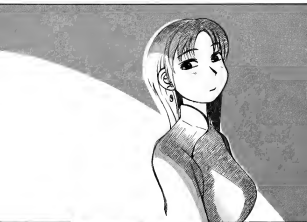
CAREFREE MUSIC
ON THE RADIO
OFTEN DRIFTS UP.











THE SMELL
OF RAIN.

THE SMELL
OF MORNING.

THE SMELL
OF BONFIRES.



THE SMELL OF
ASPHALT.

THE SMELL OF
FISH.

THE SMELL OF
EXHAUST...!



I WONDER...
WOULD IT BE
ALRIGHT FOR ME
TO GO THERE?

IF THE
SURFACE OF
THE EARTH
BECOMES
NOTHING BUT
BLUE LIGHT,

IT'S LIKE
I DON'T...

IT'S LIKE
I WANT IT
TO...



MODIFIED TRANSLATION BY
YOKOHAMA KADASHI KIKOU MANGA SCANLATIONS

